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## *With the Tai' and Shammar Bedouins*

As we neared the large tent, the merry "ringing" of the coffee mortar bade us welcome. Malla Sulumeh, scribe to Sheykh Tai', conducted us within.

A considerable number of tribesmen were gathered in the roomy tent. As usual, the favourite falcon of the *sheykh* stood perched on a camel-saddle.

A slave removed the bird and placed cushions on the saddle for us. The coffee-cook poked apart the pieces of glowing desert roots on the hearth and poured between them dried camel dung from a fold of his cloak. He blew energetically on the hard nuggets, the size of walnuts, until small bright flames commenced to dance all over them. Then a large, beaked can was placed on the glow and it was not long before the coffee-water boiled and bubbled over. "Revive thy spirit!" said the ever-ready cup-bearer as he offered me the aromatic cup.

Previously he had, in accordance with Bedouin practice, conscientiously wiped out every cup with the sleeve of his old shirt. Adroitly he held in his other hand four small china cups without handles, like so many eggs in a nest, and jingled them lightly one against the other.

The coffee made the round. The favoured guests, whom the Negro served first (unhappily I belonged to them) were the victims of especial politeness; before pouring the coffee, he spat first into the cup and wiped it dry with his shirt sleeve. Three times had I to endure this rite at the hands of the punctilious coffee-priest, who waited on us with the utmost solemnity on each occasion. Only then might I waggle the cup between my finger-tips in token of thanks and satisfaction and hand it back to him.

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ready to fire, throwing the clip of cartridges into the breach and slamming the lever down. Involuntarily I shut my eyes and staggered, when I heard the voice of the *Akid* (leader) call out to the man not to shoot. The shock had been so great, however, that my knees gave way, and I toppled over. The *Akid*, who had saved my life, came to me. He had a small goat-skin bag filled with liquid butter in his hand, and made me take a few sips, and immediately I felt better. 577

He then led me to the fire and offered me coffee; and I knew by that token that my life was now under his protection.

I asked him for our clothing. He wanted to return it to me, but the other men grumbled and protested, and I had to be content with two old ragged herders' cloaks. I threw one over my shoulders and with the other and a skin of butter, went back to Ali, and after he had gulped down some of the butter, I supported him to the camp fire.

The Fid'an permitted us to seat ourselves among them, and Ali, too, was given coffee. It now turned out that our assailants were quite good fellows. Had we not started arguing when they fell upon us, we should have come off better. Now we were as safe among them as in Abraham's bosom.

In the course of our conversation that evening, I remembered the letter from Amir Fuaz to Hajem Pasha, the missive that had created such a lively disturbance in Aleppo.

"Dost thou read Arabic?" I asked the *Akid*; and 2120
when, as I expected, he replied, "No," I continued:

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Before his men, the Fid'an dared not admit that this too was beyond him, so I asked for the pouch Ali used to carry on his body, containing the letter along with other treasures.

Everybody listened respectfully to Ali's reading of the letter. He read judiciously—only what was pleasant and polite; all the rest he left out. The rascals hung on Ali's lips and drank in every word that came from them. When he had finished reading and had kissed the signature and the seal, the men pressed round him and inspected with awe the astounding document; and ignorant as they were of writing, they looked at it upside down!

685 626 The *Akid* was visibly uneasy, and for a while he and the others put their heads together and, after much gesticulation and muttering, he turned to Ali and me and fired a cross-examination of silly questions at us. At last he seemed convinced that we had been wrongly treated, and he ordered his men to return our belongings to us. This naturally caused a small revolution, but the *Akid* knew how to make his influence felt, and after each of the men had in turn exhausted his protests against such a breach of the honour and the good customs of noble raiders, all our property was actually returned to us, with the exception only of my wrist watch, which still remained on the arm of the leader. Ali noticed it and, greatly daring, cried out: "Through thee the faith of thy *sheykh* is blackened! Divest thyself of our property, if thou art our friend." The *Akid*

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greater Emirs or the Grand Sherif. These tribes are not only controlled to some extent and directed to a common policy, but also have a tradition of self-respect, which ensures the observance of the Bedouin code of hospitality. As Doughty has well said, what stands to a Bedouin for religion is that which men will think of him. Fortunately the fame of a lavish entertainer and a protector of the guest is a condition of nobility among Bedouins; and an appeal against any action inconsistent with this will seldom be disregarded. A properly authorized stranger, whatever his creed, should have little to fear under ordinary circumstances among such tribes as the Shammar, the Ateibah, the Wuld 'Ali, or the Ruweilah.

What, however, does proper authority mean to the ordinary Bedouin? Not the exhibition of any passport or other written document. Letters from the chief Emirs, the Grand Sherif, or other great sheikhs are very valuable if the traveller is passing from one of them to another; but in ninety out of a hundred desert camps he will find no one who can read or will respect paper. The one thing needful is a *rafiq*, i.e. a companion derived from the tribe through whose range one must pass, or from some tribe allied with it or authorized to share its range. If possible, he should be a man of importance whose face will be recognized instantly by the desert men—a race which, like other unlettered races, keeps a long memory for faces and a very wide knowledge of personalities. Still better if he has been attached to the traveller by some well-known chief. The *rafiq* must be kept well in evidence and to the fore in case of such a sudden attack as Shakespear experienced at the hands of the Ateibah in Woshm, when a good deal of harm was done before his *rafiq* could make himself known in the night to the raiders. In territories controlled by a central authority, e.g. a sovereign Emir, a well-known man from the centre may suffice throughout; but even then it is better to take a *rafiq* from tribe to tribe. There are one or two denominations of Arabs who are franked by all tribes and can themselves conduct a traveller anywhere in more or less security; but it is rather less than more. Such are the *'Uqeil* (Ageyl)—recognized carriers—and the *Sulubba* (Solubba)—tinkers, medical magicians, hunters—whom no one molests. But travelling with such folk entails the disadvantage that one must go where they wish to go and at their pace; and in disturbed districts near frontiers their aegis is not to be relied upon.

The efficacy of the *rafiq* system is based on the recognition that a particular range or dira (*dirah*) appertains to each tribe, and even to each main section of a tribe. Tribes sometimes hold their diras in common, as the 'Ajmán and Beni Khálid are said to do at present in